

THE RATTLER

Rattlesnake Bomber Base

VOL. 1, NO. 31 PLYMOUTH, TEXAS NOV. 24, 1943

You Get The Bird: White Or Dark, 5,000 Pounds

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BASE RATIONS COMMITTEE TO CONTROL TIRES, GAS

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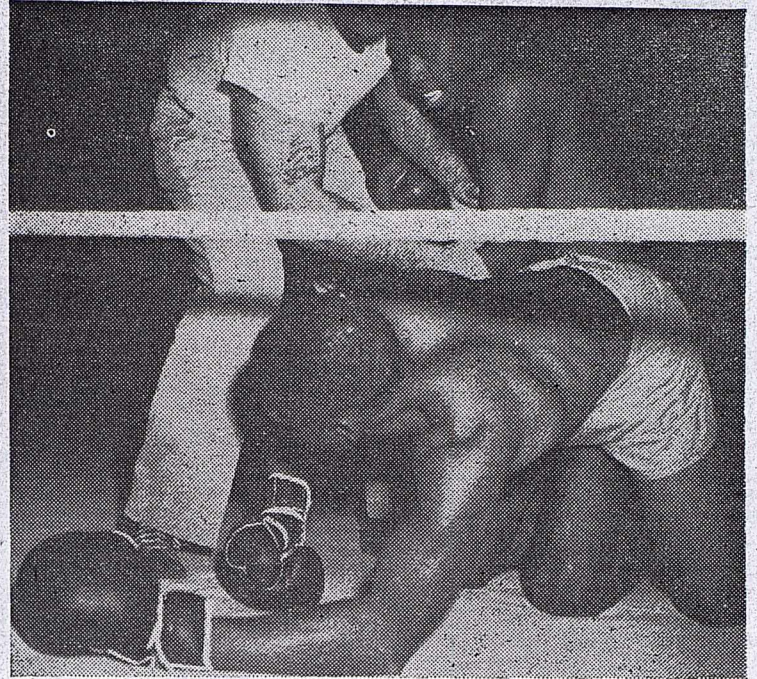
HEROES GET 32 MEDALS

Officers and Enlisted Men of the 19th Group Saturday added 32 Distinguished Flying Crosses and Air Medals to their storied collection of awards for heroic fighting in the early days of the war with Japan in the Pacific.

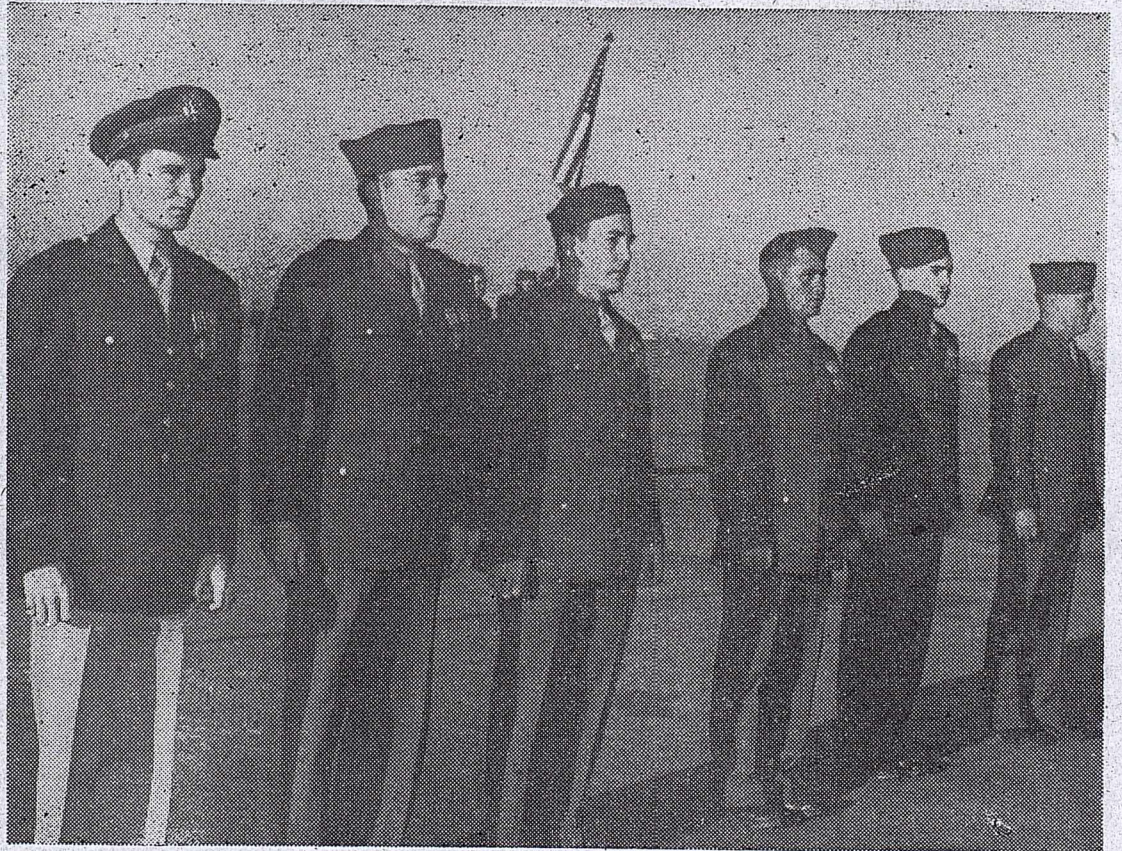
Doubtless the most decorated outfit in the U. S. armed forces in World War II, the 19th got in the struggle at the opening gong, fighting a magnificent delaying action from the Philippines to the Netherlands East Indies to Australia, participating in the beginning of the comeback at Guadalcanal.

Now contributing their store of experience to the training program of the Second Air Force, the veterans continue to add to their fabulous pile of medals. More pictures and story on Page 2

These Boys Play Rough



Referee Shipley Farroh untangles Pvt. Ernest Baker, on top, and Pvt. Richard Smith, both 390th fighters. One of the hottest bouts, the match was called a draw despite Smith's close view of the canvas on three occasions. For other pictures and story of first card in new fight series at the Rec. Hall here, turn to the sports pages inside.



26 19th Group Officers And EM Receive Medals

WACs Tie Medics, Section 2 Officers For Review Honor

For extraordinary and meritorious achievement while participating in operational flights in the Southwest Pacific Area during which hostile contacts were probable and expected, 26 officers and enlisted men of the 19th Bombardment Group Saturday were presented Distinguished Flying Crosses and Air Medals by the Reviewing Officer, Col. Louie P. Turner, station commandant.

At the Presentation Ceremony and Review, six officers and enlisted men received both awards, while four received the DFC and 16 the Air Medal alone.

In the Review, the Officers of Section No. 2, the WAC Detachment and the Medical Detachment tied for first place in excellence in marching, execution of commands and military training.

The Review competition has become so close, with resulting ties, that a drawing is being used to determine which winner will bear the first place ribbon. The WACs last week won the drawing and the ribbon.

(Names and awards are listed below in order of appearance in accompanying pictures, beginning with the front page picture, and reading left to right.)

Receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal:

1st Lt. Ellsworth E. McRoberts, 93rd Bomb Squadron.

M-Sgt. John E. Makela, 30th Bomb Squadron.

M-Sgt. Meredith E. Durham, 93rd.

M-Sgt. Martin M. Schadl, 93rd.

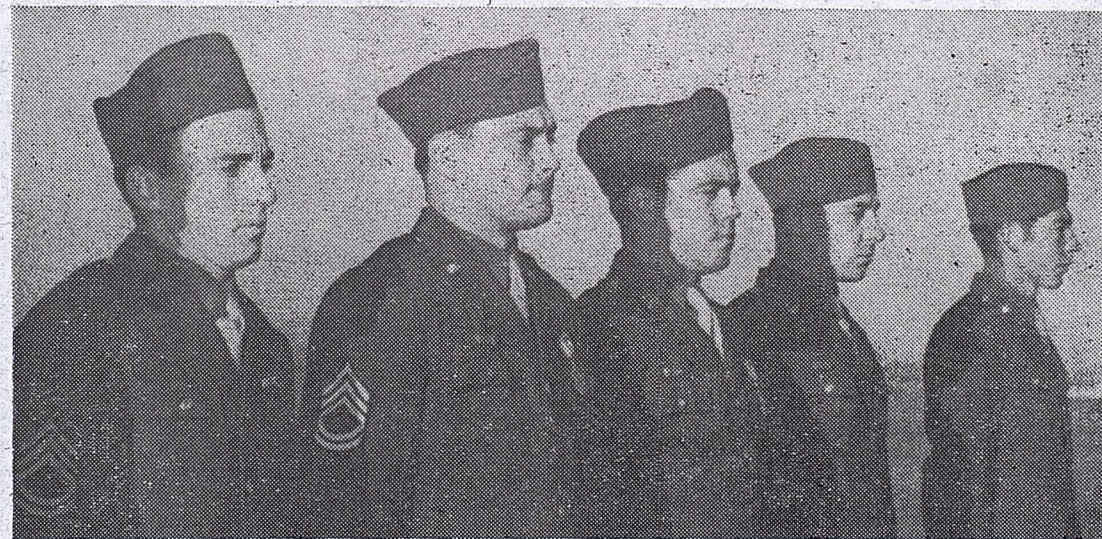
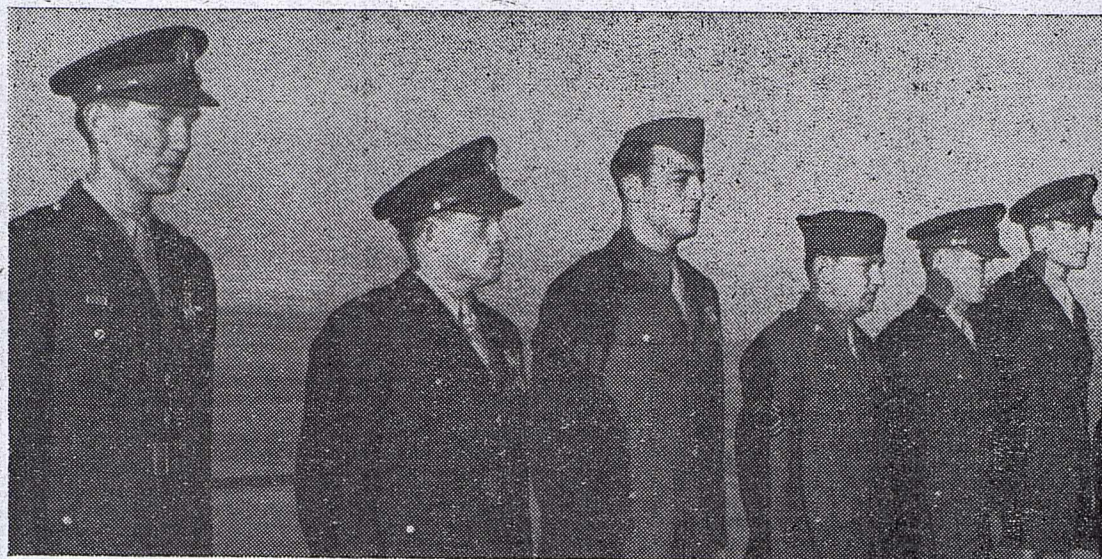
T-Sgt. Edward G. Osborne, 93rd.

T-Sgt. Symie L. Glenn, 93rd.

Receiving the Distinguished



Major Richard T. Hernlund, commanding officer of the 93rd Squadron, receives the Air Medal from Col. Turner.



Flying Cross:

2nd Lt. Louis F. Burleson, 30th.

2nd Lt. William I. Sage, 93rd.

M-Sgt. Mario J. Filigenzi, 93rd.

T-Sgt. Dale E. Crabtree, 93rd.

Receiving the Air Medal:

Major Richard T. Hernlund, 93rd.

Capt. James A. Ferguson, 93rd.

Capt. Harvey D. Gross, 410th Base Hq. & AB Sq.

1st Lt. Guy K. Dozier, 30th.

FO Roy J. Wilhite, 28th Bomb Squadron.

M-Sgt. Milton F. Kelm, 28th.

T-Sgt. Donald L. Kerns, 28th.

T-Sgt. Jack E. Maddock, 28th.

T-Sgt. Leonard M. Secor, 28th.

T-Sgt. Thomas J. Stewart, 28th.

T-Sgt. James C. Roberts, 435th Bomb Squadron.

T-Sgt. John P. Kerulis, 435th.

T-Sgt. Joseph O. Wingard, 93rd.

T-Sgt. Earl W. Arne, 93rd.

T-Sgt. Lloyd H. Chamberlain, 93rd.

Pvt. Harold E. DeGraw, 435th.

White Or Dark? Mess Halls Have All You Can Eat

When it comes to food or statistics, only a Sad Sack would prefer the latter. All good GIs want their meat and potatoes. However, today being Thanksgiving Eve, we must bore you with some vital figures (numerical kind) uncovered in the Quartermaster butcher shop.

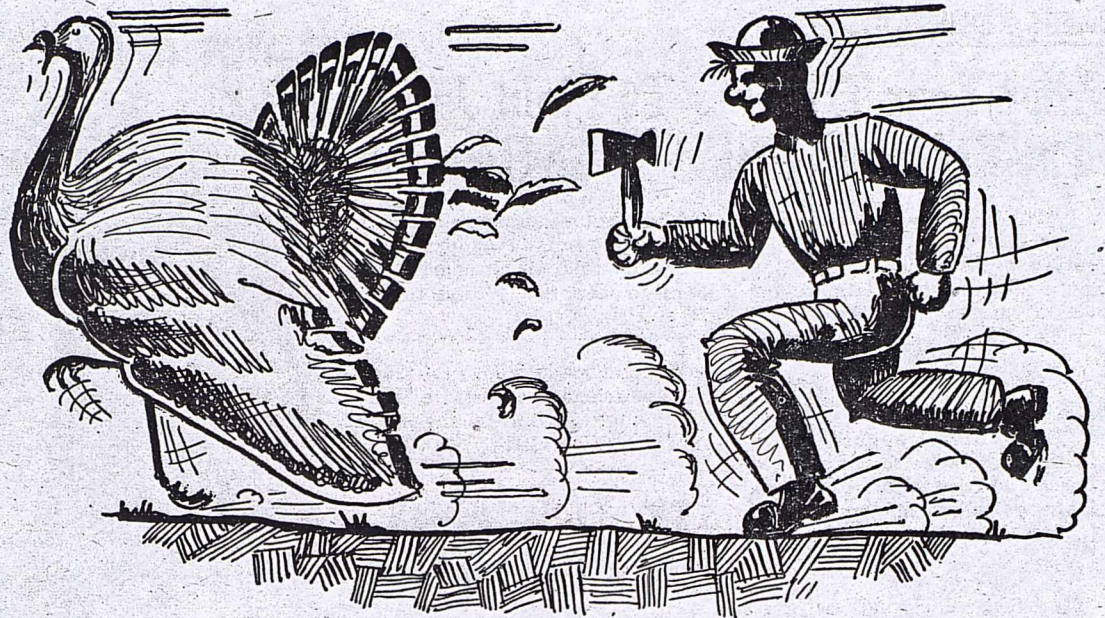
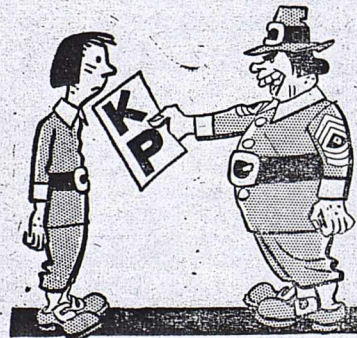
Tomorrow afternoon you and the rest of the Army are going to eat turkey with all the trimmings. And tomorrow night you and the entire nation will be eating turkey hash.



Whither comest all this meat? From the Quartermaster, answers our informant, and according to these good butchers who wield a cleaver as casually as you swipe at your chin with a safety razor, each and every GI will find himself with exactly one pound of turkey tomorrow at the noon meal.



Now that figure comes straight from the feed box so don't blame "The Rattler" if you think you're slighted tomorrow when you find an empty spot on your tray. Just take the tray and complaints to your mess sergeants. These be-striped gentlemen of gastronomy and indigestion will be only too happy to set your mind at ease and you on the seat of your pants. Each mess hall, it is rumored, will



be equipped with a special set of scales to dole out correct portions. Another awesome fact uncovered while nosing into a GI can is the report that the dark meat found in certain spots on a turkey is richer in vitamin and minerals than the white. But then, asks us, who wants vitamins on Thanksgiving?



As our Figger Filbert doped it out, there will be approximately 5000 pounds of turkey floating around this Base in one shape or another tomorrow. Or to become more accurate, as is decreed by a journalistic textbook, exactly 459 3/4 birds will have got the axe by the time this opus gets to your lilly white hands. What happened to the missing quarter will never be known. Perhaps it will be tossed into tomorrow night's hash.

RED CROSS COUNCIL STUDIES NEEDS HERE

Some 50 delegates to the Red Cross Camp and Hospital Council for this three-county area met here Friday to discuss hospital needs, with Mrs. Honora Janet Anderson as official hostess.

R. D. Lee, superintendent of Monahans-Wickett schools, presented the hospital with 50 bed reading boards and six ash stands made by woodworking students. Others contributed table decorations and candy for Christmas parties. Needs of hospitals at Pecos and Fort Stockton also were listed.

Turkey Day Dinner Menu

- | | | |
|---|------|-----------------|
| ROAST YOUNG TURKEY WITH GIBLET GRAVY | | |
| CRANBERRY SAUCE | | NUT DRESSING |
| SNOW FLAKE POTATOES | | CANDIED YAMS |
| GARDEN FRESH PEAS | | |
| BUTTERED ASPARAGUS TIPS | | |
| LETTUCE AND SLICED TOMATOES WITH THOUSAND ISLE DRESSING | | |
| SWEET MIXED PICKLES | | |
| SPICE CAKE | | APPLE PIE |
| ICE CREAM | | MIXED CANDY |
| MIXED NUTS | | ASSORTED FRUITS |
| LEMONADE | | |
| COFFEE | MILK | SUGAR |

Civilian Employees To Go 'Hillbilly' On Thanksgiving

Civilian employees will go native Thanksgiving, stomping to the western lyrics and rhythms of their own "hillbilly" band.

The holiday barn dance will get underway at 8:30 p. m. Thursday in the ballroom at the Civilian Community Center, James T. Page, Committee chairman, announced.

Specialty dances and games in keeping with the barn dance atmosphere are on the program, charge for which is 50 cents.

A nursery to care for the children of the party-goers will be available. In the near future, the nursery is to open daytime and evening for the convenience of civilian employees.

Prospective WACs Of Monahans To Be Guests Here Sunday

Prospective WACs will be guests at an open house here Sunday, November 28, to get a taste of what Army life is like.

WAC barracks and mess halls will be open to the visitors, and a tea dance is scheduled for the afternoon. The young ladies will be shown just what work WACs do around here, to determine which jobs they would prefer.

The visitors will leave the Monahans USO at 11 a. m. Sunday in GI transportation. WACs here have promised them a real welcome and an interesting day.

WRONG SINATRA

LOS ANGELES (CNS) — Frank Sinatra was divorced here recently. Hold on girls! It ain't the right Frankie. This Sinatra is Frank Sinatra, CPO of the U. S. Navy, whose wife charged cruelty.

MEET YOUR BUDDIES:**After Year Training To Fight Japs,
'The Kid' Didn't Want To Go Home**

"The Kid" is on his way home, but he's not very happy about it. In fact, Private Albert Eldon Ennis was one of the saddest soldiers in Uncle Sam's Army Air Forces when told his discharge time was a certainty. High school is going to seem pretty tame to him after a year of preparing to fight Japs and Nazis.

"The Kid" hasn't been to his home in Donny Brook, North Dakota, since he enlisted. Unhappily, he explained:

"Every time I applied for a furlough, they found out how old I was and tried to discharge me. I always talked my way out of it, but this time it looks like I'm going."

Six feet tall and weighing around 175 pounds, "The Kid" had little trouble convincing recruiting officers he was 18. But then in October, 1942, he was only 14. His fifteenth birthday was July 12 last, making him one of the youngest Americans in uniform.

"I had been thinking about the Army for a week, when one day I walked into the recruiting station. After that, I was in the Army, and I thought on my way to Tokyo."

But Private Ennis will not be going to Tokyo, unless the war lasts a couple or more years until he can enlist again. As much as he wants back in the service, however, he hopes along with the rest of us that it won't last that long.

He worked in the tech supply department of an airdrome squadron at the Galveston (Texas) Army Air Field before he was transferred to the 93rd Bombardment Squadron of the 19th Group at Pyote AAB, where he worked in the transportation section as a driver.

Inducted at Fort Snelling, Minn., Ennis has been stationed at St. Petersburg, Fla.; Tyndall Field, La.; Salt Lake City, Utah, Galveston and Pyote Texas. He went to aerial gunners' school at Tyndall and completed the course of instruction—only to be withdrawn from the class 24 hours before graduation exercises when officials discovered his age.

"The Kid" has approximately 40 hours of flying time to his credit and is enthusiastic on the subject of heavy bombers. A sophomore in high school when he enlisted, he plans to specialize in agriculture when he gets back to Donny Brook.

His mother, Mrs. Grace Ennis, and his high school sweetheart doubtless will be glad he is home again—but he'll be missed here, where he carried his weight as a

soldier and made a lot of friends. To those friends he is still a "bud-ry", though he has changed his uniform for civvies.

**Try Your Muse,
Write The Rattler**

Cpl. Gregory J. Dwyer, a Medic, has suggested that The Rattler carry a contributor's column, for letters, news, comments, etc., that don't grind through the regular mill.

That's okay with the Ed. If enough good stuff comes in we'll provide space. All copy must be signed though the name will not be printed if requested — but don't be bashful.

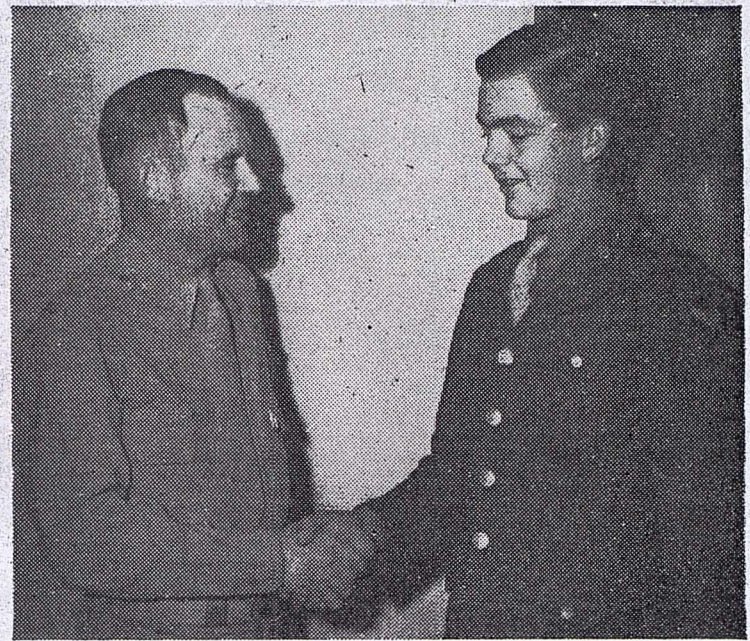
All material should be typed, double-spaced, on one side of the paper and can't be returned. Keep it clean, too. Don't expect everything to be printed—particularly poetry that shouldn't happen to a women's study club. But try your pen and luck. It's your paper, you know.

**NEW FLARE LIGHTS UP
BOMB TARGETS FOR ALLIES**

LONDON (CNS) — A super-flare — a new "target indicator" — which may be seen by night or day from the stratosphere through almost total cloud, has been developed for Allied planes. "Pathfinder" planes drop the flares, colors of which are changed for each raid to prevent the Germans from faking them.

**NEW LOUSE POWDER
FIGHTS TYPHUS**

NEW YORK (CNS)—Brig. Gen. James B. Simmons, Army director of preventative medicine, announced here that a new louse powder has nullified the threat of typhus among American soldiers. The powder, he said, is the best of its kind in the world. Gen. Simmons, who recently returned from a 25,000-mile tour of the fighting fronts, said that a prewar medical survey recording the incidence of disease overseas and the medical facilities available had helped make "soldier deaths from disease lower in this war than at any time in the history of the U. S. Army."

It Was A Good Try, Anyway

Col. Louie P. Turner, station commandant, bids so long and good luck to Pvt. Albert Eldon Ennis, formerly in the 93rd Squadron, but now on his way back to high school as a civilian—and a reluctant one. But 15 is still a shade too young for a soldier, even in the youthful Air Forces.

**Ground Forces
Increase Power,
Cut Personnel**

(CNS) — The Army Ground Forces have been tightened and streamlined for the big push along the highways to Berlin and Tokyo.

War Department circular 256 has revealed that the new Infantry division has 8% fewer men and 14% fewer vehicles than formerly. The new armored divisions are without regimental organization and a new type of light Infantry division has been established. Each division is designed for one of the four principle classes of operation: amphibious, airborne, mountain or jungle activities.

The net result of these moves is to make our Ground Forces more compact, more flexible, surer, swifter moving — and more dangerous to the enemy. The changes do not constitute a major shakeup in the AGF.

Before the changes went into effect, an Infantry division numbered 15,000 men. Now it has been reduced in personnel and vehicles but increased in fire power.

Regimental organizations used to hamper the maneuverability of Armored Force divisions. Under circular 256 these organizations are eliminated. Instead the divisions will have three armored bat-

**SOLDIERS NO WANT
TO 'PLAY BALL' AT 6 AM**

FT. CUSTER, MICH. (CNS) — Miffed because some of his charges failed to turn out for pre-breakfast drill, Sgt. Bill Rowe posted this notice:

"All members of this organization will fall out for morning drill at 6 AM. Cooperation is necessary. If you men will play ball with me I will play ball with you."

Later in the day someone scribbled this appendix to the sergeant's note: "We would like to cooperate, sergeant, but 6 AM is one hell of a time to play ball."

talions of increased size and strength.

The new light Infantry division was developed principally as the result of South Pacific operations. Jungle operations in this area proved the need for smaller, trimmer forces with high individual fire power.

Although the personnel in each of the light infantry divisions is less than that of a regular Infantry division the fire power is approximately the same.

All of these changes were made after high staff officers, constantly on the lookout for ways to improve fighting efficiency had studied battle reports from commanders in the field, had surveyed the findings of official observers and had examined the armies of our Allies and enemies to determine their strength and weaknesses.

Base Committee To Pass On All Rationing Here

Uniform, Handy Plan To Operate After December 1

For convenience and equitable distribution a Base Rationing Committee will begin to function here around December 1, it was announced last week. Procedure meanwhile will remain unchanged.

The Committee will approve applications for gasoline ration books and tires, the latter still to be drawn from nearby local boards which will establish a percentage quota for Base needs. Such quotas will be determined by the number of Pyote servicemen and civilian workers residing within each board's jurisdiction.

Under the new setup, tires and gas may be somewhat more plentiful, but by no means "easy" to get. OPA rules will be followed strictly, and necessity to the war effort still will be the basis on which applications will be approved.

The Committee will centralize uniform procedure for all rationing affecting civilian and military personnel here. Composed of three or more officers, the Committee will include the Base Transportation Officer, a Sub-Depot officer, and a QM or Post Engineer officer. A two-thirds vote of the Committee, meeting on regularly appointed days, will constitute approval.

Other rationing duties will be performed by personnel under the supervision of the Base Transportation Officer.

The Rationing Office will furnish application forms for gas and tires, issue gas books approved by the Committee, issue OPA forms to military and civilian personnel traveling under official orders which authorize use of personally owned automobiles, supervise the ride-sharing program, issue shoe purchasing certificates, register and issue commodity ration books, handle files and reports.

FIFTH ENGINE ADDED TO BRITISH BOMBERS

LONDON (CNS) — A fifth motor — designed to cut down the load on the other four — soon will be added to four-motored bombers of the Royal Air Force. The extra motor will serve as a "flying power station," will reduce the risk of crash landings. It will operate independently of the other four.

Doughboy's Dream: Darling Dolores



Silvery shades of satin skin! It can't be real, but it is. With blonde hair a-flowing and eye-

lashes a-flutter, compelling Dolores Moran, a Warners' treasure, could pull any AF GI off

the beam. Come on, soldier, let's get this war over with—time's awastin'.

Hearts and Throbs



'Miss' Sheila Maplebottom

Dear Miss Maplebottom:

I am greatly distressed, the girl I am going to marry after this is all over has asked my advice, and is willing to do whatever I advise. My darling wants to know if she should join the Wacs. I would appreciate your wise advice. What should I say? I have no objection to my girl joining the WACs, as I think they are tops, but I can't picture my girl being stationed where there are so many GI's, as I am a quiet boy and the competition will be too great. Should I take the chance and tell her to join? J. C.

Dear J. C.:

I get many letters like yours, and my advice to you is to let

her join. I have several granddaughters who are in the service and I get first hand information that it's a wonderful organization, composed of America's finest women. If she really loves you, being in contact with other GI's will give her no reason to change her mind about you.

Dear Miss Maplebottom:

I have a problem. A boy and I went steady for two months; we are very much in love with each other, but at the present time marriage is out of the question. Or is it? I know nothing of his background or he of mine, yet I love him very much. We like to do the same things, like the same people and are both in the service. Should I marry him now or ever?

Signed Miss Heartbroken.

Dear Miss Heartbroken:

I would advise you both to wait; two months is hardly enough time to really know one another, and if you enter into marriage in haste now, you may regret it all your life. In these trying times sometimes what we think is love is only infatuation and loneliness. Search your heart well. Haven't you a sweetheart from your home town who might be waiting for you and for the war to end? I advise you to wait and give this prob-

lem more thought and consideration.

Dear Miss Maplebottom:

I go to the Service Club every night, hoping to see a certain young lady. On several occasions I have seen her, but I just don't have the courage to speak to her. What shall I do? Signed Bashful.

Dear Bashful:

Rome wasn't built in a day. Be patient!

Dear Miss Maplebottom:

I am a young lady of 21 . . .

Dear Young Lady:

DONT!

What's the matter, boys and girls? Bashful? Come on, send us your troubles. We'll solve 'em or share 'em. Plaintiff epistles solicited; advice free. Why see the Chaplain? We know all the answers.

JOE CURRAN RECLASSIFIED

NEW YORK (CNS) — Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, a Congress of Industrial Organization affiliate, has been classified 2A by his draft board acting under orders from Washington. The classification, resulting from a direct appeal by the Union to Selective Service headquarters, defers the labor leader due to essential occupation. He will be 38 years old in six months.

EDITORIAL:

For All This, Thanks

How easy it would be to greet this Thanksgiving Holiday cynically, even bitterly!

Separated from home, family and old friends, ruefully thinking of an interrupted civilian career or schooling, irked perhaps by the old Army routine, facing the prospect of sterner things to come — and probably without even a pass or a place to go on Turkey Day — the soldier might cry in his emasculated GI beer: What have I got to be thankful for?

A hell of a lot, soldier. Think it over while you tie into that Thanksgiving mess hall meal that most any family in Europe or Asia could live on a week.

The lights have gone back on along our coasts. In a whole world at war, there's little chance our cities will be bombed, much less invaded. Our homes are safe, and those who make them home are secure.

Our great public buildings, museums, bridges, railroads, monuments, factories, mines, schools, hospitals, office towers and churches all are safe. By going out to meet the enemy, we are able to preserve our heritage, unmarred by battles. Our way of life—all it means and all it is built on—will be there when we get back. How thankful would be the soldier of London or Stalingrad to know the same!

We know that our leadership is good — that our training, tactics and strategy are the best devisable — that our lives will not be thrown away to further the ambitions of anyone.

For the fight ahead we know we have the stuff that will win: airplanes, ships, guns, food, medical supplies, tanks, oil; steel — material in ever increasing quantities and equipment improved more rapidly than the enemy can improve his. We can be thankful for the richness of our land, the industry of our people and the democratic patriotism behind our war effort.

We can be thankful for those who are planning ahead, for our Nation and the men who serve it—that this time we know what we are after and mean for victory to produce it. We can be thankful that we have a voice in the way our country is being run and will be run in the future.

Perhaps our greatest thanksgiving should be for the irrefutable knowledge that we are in the right, that our sacrifices are necessary and that we will win.

Overseas men answered what they were thankful for—a bomb that missed, a letter from home, a 15 minute rest period during an attack, a kid not yet seen, a timely first aid squad. Think that over and give thanks for the comforts you still have in a miserable world.

And, thank God for the guts to see this thing through, come what may.

THE RATTLER

Published each Wednesday at Rattlesnake Bomber Base, Pyote, Texas
COLONEL LOUIE P. TURNER
Commanding Officer

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The Rattler receives Camp Newspaper Service material.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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Thanks to
CPL. ALLAN DAVIDSON
FT. BELVOIR, VA.

"You're getting shipped—teach her what you know!"

Just A Pal

Don't fall in love with a soldier,
Tho he's lonely as all of "hell".
For he has a girl who is waiting
back home,
Someone that he thinks is
"swell".
She's keeping the home fires
burning,
And he mustn't let her down;
But he needs a Pal, who is lonely
too—
Just someone to run around.

To take out with him to dinner—
who
Loves to swing and sway,
Who understands just how he feels
To pass the time away.
He'll be nice to her, and be lots
of fun,
I know you can bet on that,
He'll dine and dance, or take a
chance,
Or sit at home with you and
chat.

He'll enjoy the evening spent with
you,
As you talk of "that" and "this",
But lest he forget the "old-time
thrill",
Won't you give him a "good-
night" kiss?
So I'm sending this plea for the
soldiers,
To have someone to call their
"own",
Until they win the Victory for us,
And go back to the girl at home.

—Monohans Lament.



Q. Can a peefcee in the Army Air Forces wear wings?

A. Sometimes. Graduates of an AAF aerial gunnery school may wear the regular air crew member wings and so may any member of an air crew who has shown proficiency in his regular crew duties provided that he has the authorization of his commanding officer.

Q. Are the correspondence courses prepared by the Armed Forces Institute made available for soldiers overseas?

A. Yes. The Institute will send you any of its courses anywhere in the world. If you want to enroll see your Education and Information officer or your Red Cross field director. He will furnish you with a catalogue of all Institute courses. Then you can pick what you want and have it sent to you. At present the charge for each course is \$2.

Q. Is there any agreement governing the exchange of sick prisoners by belligerent states in wartime?

A. Yes. Recently the U. S. and Germany established an agreement for the mutual exchange of sick and wounded prisoners, under which all ill men, regardless of their rank, will be sent back to their home countries.

THE CHAPLAIN SAYS -



"Small packages often contain priceless gifts." This old saying may be reworded to read, "Small acts of kindness help to create priceless friendships." We are living in hopes of building a new world in which friendliness and not selfishness will be the outstanding characteristic. Acts of kindness will bring about friendships and rid the world of selfishness. An unfriendly individual is generally found to be a selfish one.

No person can be happy if he is shut up in the narrow limits of his own personal pleasures and interests. In the book "After The Death of Don Juan" there is not a happy person to be found because all are mad with the lust and greed for life. In the end tragedy overtakes them because none is able to rise above personal interests and pleasures.

In the book "A City of Bells" one happy man stands head and shoulders above the rest. The reason for his happiness? He finds a little good in every other individual and is constantly doing small deeds of kindness. Friendships are made by looking for the good in others and are cemented by the small every day acts of kindness.

Our one great hope for a better world lies in the practice of friendship and kindness. There is no better way of starting to create that new world than by beginning now to be a friend to all on this Base and those we meet on the outside. The world would be different if men treated others as they want to be treated.

Someone has said, "No man is more miserable than he who seeks his own happiness." To be happy we must lose our lives in the service of others. To have friends we must be a friend.

By simple acts of kindness to others we help to create a friendly world and in so doing bring happiness to all. We know the friendliness of God. We do not well when we refuse to share that friendship with others.

CHAPLAIN JAMES T. DUVALL

JOBHUNTER HAS A RELATIVE

LUKE FIELD, ARIZ. (CNS) — Luther Stover, 73, who was applying for civilian work here was asked if he had any relatives in the armed forces. He said he had, a nephew. Stover was asked his name and rank.

"Dwight Eisenhower," he replied, "General."

PROTESTANT SERVICES

Sunday—0900, Aviation Squadron Service; 0900, 19th Group Service, 1030, Chapel Service; 1930, Chapel Service.

Wednesday—1930, Service Men's Christian League.

Thursday—1900, Chapel Chorus Rehearsal.

CATHOLIC SERVICES

Sunday Masses—0600; 0800; and 1615.

Confessions—Saturday, 1500 to 1730; 1900 to 2100; Sunday, before the Masses.

Weekday Masses—1830, daily except Thursday.

Communion—1700 daily.

Hospital Mass—Thursday at 1430, in Red Cross auditorium.

Evening Devotions — Tuesday, 1930, Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Help; Friday, 2100, Novena to the Sacred Heart.

Study Club—Monday, 1930.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Thursday—2000, Base Chapel Services, Mrs. Mabel New Homes.

JEWISH SERVICES

Friday—1930, Base Chapel.

AT THE THEATER

Wed. & Thurs.—"Crazy House", with Olsen and Johnson. Also, Melody Master Bands, Paramount News, Color Cartoon. Time 105 minutes.

Friday—"Never A Dull Moment", with Ritz Brothers, Frances Langford, Mary Beth Hughes. Also, March of Time (Youth in Crisis) Wagon Wheels West and Phantasie Cartoon. Time 104 minutes.

Saturday—"Son of Dracula", with Lon Chaney, Louise Albritton. Also, Musical Parade, Person Oddities. Time 107 minutes.

Sun. & Mon.—"The Iron Major", with Pat O'Brien, Ruth Warrick. Also Terrytoon and Paramount News. Time, 100 minutes.

Tuesday—"Here Comes Elmer", with Al Pearce, Frankie Albertson, Dale Evans (recent Pyote entertainer) and Jan Garber & Band; and, "A Chance of a Lifetime", with Chester Morris, Jeanne Bates, George E. Stone. Time 140 minutes.

SERVICE CLUB SCHEDULE

Wednesday — Record machine again in operation. Record Hour at 7:30 p.m.

Thursday—EM Wives Luncheon, postponed for holiday; next meeting Dec. 2.

Friday — Thanksgiving Formal, sponsored by the 435th Bomb Squadron.

Tuesday—The Medics, winners of the last quiz contest (with the WACs), this week will tackle the Weather Station personnel.

Announcing the coming Formal Turkey Day Stomp to be held at the Service Men's Club, sponsored by the 4-thirsty-5th Kangawolves.

Where: Service Club.

Why: It's Our turn.

How: Just you be there.

When: Friday, 9 p.m.

How about it, youse guys and gals. Put on your shoes, ties, hair oil, foo-foo water, dogtags and "floor sweepers" as determined by him or her, and let's make the welkin, whatever that is, ring. Syncopation will be furnished by the Pyote Tub Thumpin' Sextette.



A young lieutenant, assigned to a new job at an Air Forces school, noticed that his secretary's telephone rang every morning about 11:45. She would answer, glance at the clock, announce the time and hang up. One day he asked who it was that called.

"I don't know," the girl said. "I never thought to ask. They call and ask the time and I give it to them."

The officer told her to check. Next day the girl questioned the caller.

"It's the base fire department. They want to know the time so they can blow the noon siren."

"Well how do you know our clock is right?" he asked.

"I don't— anymore," she said. "I've always checked it against the noon siren."



Arlene De Faye above is one of the lovelies to appear in "Say When", a USO-Camp Show, scheduled for a Rattlesnake Bomber Base performance Wednesday December 8. She warbles ballads and semi-classical numbers, the latter a holdover from study at Carnegie Hall. She has appeared as featured vocalist at hotels and clubs in New York, the Park Central, Famous Door, Biltmore Hotel, with Horace Heidt and his orchestra. The bill also includes Paula Dee, petite blonde tumbler and trick hooper, and the Musical Johnstons, a classy xylophone act. A Broadway emcee will tie the show together.

MONEY, MONEY EVERYWHERE - -

Money Isn't Everything, Perhaps, But Army Also Travels On Pocketbook

Morgenthau Busy, Local Greenhouse Experts Give Out Dope On Dollar

LT. THOMAS F. McLAUGHLIN
Public Relations Officer

Ruefully tilting an empty beer mug skyward and gazing through its false bottom, some ancient bearded gentleman of philosophy once rubbed his ruby-red proboscis with a gnarled hand and dropped this pearl of wisdom for future generations to kick around:

"Money isn't everything".

"No", ungrammatically snarled one of his lager-loving friends, also low on suds, "but it's a good thing to have plenty of."

With that the two sages of Schlitz donned their sandals and started on the hunt for an untaped keg.

Money is an interesting study. The more you have the more you want. Not having any, we decided to find out just what it is. So, betaking ourselves to a typewriter, we decided to hunt and peck an opus to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Henry

Morgenthau, for he should have all the answers. However, we reconsidered after a bit of over-the-shoulder reading of a friend's paper for therein it said that Mr. M. was slowly going stir crazy trying to raise more of the stuff.

So rather than cause Mr. M. any more headaches, we opened the office dictionary and looked under "m" and this is what Mr.

Webster once said about the stuff. "Money—medium of exchange; coins, certificates or banknotes, current as money."

Just to keep the record straight, let it be known that Mr. Webster didn't think enough of money to include it in his "Shorter School Dictionary".

One day about three weeks ago, we had waded through sixty-five thousand dollars, buck by buck, over at the Finance Office and from that we decided, rather cleverly we thought, that the Finance Department could answer all our queries.

Highballing it over to the greenhouse, we found W. O. Thomas S. Kleppe buried chin-deep in Uncle Sam's currency, slowly counting each and every penny kept in the double-doored safe which is the backbone of the Pyote Finance Department.

Sticking his head up from under a mountain of twenties, he immediately popped to attention and called for an armed guard. Not that he doubted us, but there's nothing like being on the safe side.

In answer to his question of what did we want, we said "money". That didn't register so well and we were escorted from the vault into his freshly painted office.

And it was while there, brethren, that we learned to love and cherish the Finance Department of Pyote.

And why not? Aren't they the lads who toss us our monthly pittance? Don't they see that all allotments are always deducted

from our pay each month and that the money we cough up for War Bonds ultimately gets to its official destination? We should love them for what would the Army be without a pay day? You're right, it would be hellish.

They're a quiet bunch over at the Finance Office. In fact, so quiet that this keyboard cowboy wanted to get up and scream. Why is it that people who count money and fool around with vouchers, receipts, payrolls and all other stuff akin to cash must be so quiet?

Wouldn't they get a thrill out of the jingle, jangle of clashing half-dollars or two-bit pieces rolling across the floor?

It's just like a bank or library. If a voice is raised above a deep sigh, someone pounces on you and screams: "QUIET".

"What's the monthly take here?"

"You want a round figure or broken down?" answered Mr. Kleppe. "Both," was the reply.

"Round a million, broken down the same."

That, brethren, is the size of the monthly payroll in round figures and there's no sense in trying to smooth it out.

Three officers, nineteen enlistment men and five civilians labor in the Pyote counting house and by the time the end of a month rolls around, their tongues are hanging and their eyes popping.

Lt. Eugene D. Taber is the Finance Officer, Lt. Thomas J. Dudley, Jr. is the Deputy Finance Officer and Mr. Kleppe is the Assistant Finance Officer.

And the difference between "deputy" and "assistant" doesn't amount to a row of pre-war safety pins. It just means that if Lt. Dudley signs a check, it's okay. But if Mr. Kleppe puts his John Hancock to one, it's a little trip to some grey-walled home for bad boys.

Since they deal in figures far beyond the reach of any of us, the Finance Department has surrounded itself with an aura something similar to that which Wall Street brokers parade around in.

COUNTING HOUSE'S CHIEF ACCOUNTANT

Left to right: Miss Florence Englert, S-Sgt. Walter H. Bagley, principal accountant, and S-Sgt. Gordon R. Larson, commercial accounts.



EM PAYROLL, MILEAGE, FURLOUGH & RATIONS

Left to right: front row, Mrs. David Ross, PFC Winford Horne, T-4 Victor E. Pearson, T-4 Euel A. Smith, T-5 Charles F. Strader; back row, T-Sgt. Thomas E. Nevinger, T-5 Walter A. Baumgartner Jr., T-5 Otto A. Dominik, PFC Wm. H. Key, S-Sgt. Henry A. Hawling.

EACH PENNY HAS ITS PURPOSE

Where we might be sweating out an extra buck in order to buy a meal they casually toss millions hither and yon and never raise an eyebrow.

But this you have to say for them. They are systematic. The L-shaped building which houses the Finance Department has been broken down into small compartments and God help the person who gets in the wrong department. It's tantamount to drinking tea from a saucer at the Waldorf-Astoria. And the punishment is horrible.

The enlisted men's payroll section is under the aegis of Sgt. Victor Pearson who is ably assisted by Cpl. Charles Strader who can make a payroll sit up and beg for attention.

Mileage, that magical word which brings smiles to sundry commissioned personnel, comes under the keen eye of Sgt. Euel Smith who can glance at a map and tell you exactly how much it is worth to travel from here to New York. Cpl. Otto Dominik tangles with furloughs and rations.

Principal accountant in the accounting house is Sgt. Walt Bagley, who in civilian life was a bookkeeper as was the majority of the personnel in the Finance Office.

Sgt. Gordon Larson, once a lowly bookkeeper in some banking institute worth only a couple of billion dollars, is in charge of all commercial accounts; he is the lad who keeps the creditors from the Pyote entrance. It is his job to see that all accounts are promptly paid.

Officers pay, yes, they get some too, is turned out by Sgt. Reginald Clay. Now, we could write reams about what a fine guy Clay is but he gets the point, we hope.

Chief clerk is six-striper Alex Klebanoff who roams from one end of the building to another much after the manner of a Gimbel's floorwalker, seeing that everything's running according to the book and not in accordance with individual fancy which seldom jibes with ARs.

Some father-to-be once chirped

STAFF GATHERS AROUND FINANCE'S CHIEF CLERK

Left to right: T-5 Elmer E. Tepe, Miss Sue Westbrooks, M-Sgt. Alex Klebanoff (chief clerk), PFC Thomas H. Swain, S-Sgt. Clifford A. Harbough, Mrs. Martha Blair, T-4 Wayne J. Gurney, and T-5 Edwin J. Gardner.

as he paced a hospital corridor that the first is always the hardest, and Mr. Kleppe confirmed this—only he was talking about the first pay ever made at this base.

That was the day when thirty four hundred dollars in silver was dropped in their laps, and the boys had to sit down and count each and every penny as they dished it out. Surprising as it may seem to us not versed in higher finance, the boys came through with flying colors and balanced books. When that eventful day was over, they were just even. Nothing left over and nothing short. You couldn't get better results at the House of Morgan.

As we said many paragraphs ago, the Finance Department is a quiet and efficient organization. But as long as they keep turning out the goods, why complain? But it sure would be interesting to see what would happen if we had two paydays a month instead of just one. They'd be buried in that filthy green stuff. Boy, what a way to be buried!

Boston (CNS) — Phony check passer Thomas Sexton explained to police that "I just had to pass bad checks to keep up my war bond quota."

THEY RUN THE SHOW

Left to right: (WO) Mr. Thomas S. Kleppe, assistant finance officer; 1st Lt. Eugene D. Taber, finance officer; and 1st Lt. Thomas J. Dudley, Jr., deputy finance officer.

HERE THEY COME AGAIN — OVERSEAS PHYSICALS

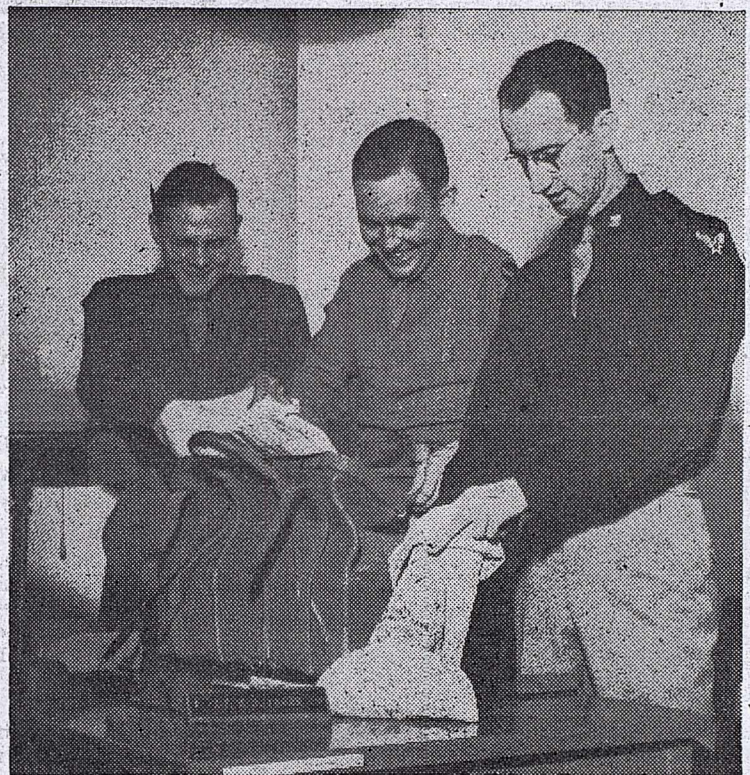
Are you nervous, spavined, afflicted with reluctant muscles? Then you had better take a tonic or a turn around the gym, because here it comes again.

Enlisted personnel here soon will be examined for physical qualification for overseas duty. And, particularly, you guys who might mistake the drill sergeant for the rifle range will get bright new glasses.

GEN. MARSHALL CAUGHT

WASHINGTON (CNS) — Soldiers around town are one up on Gen. George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff. A magazine recently published a picture of Gen. Marshall saluting—with his palm out.

Soldiers caught saluting in this manner might get company punishment but most yardbirds in the Washington area were inclined to go easy on the General. "If he does it" they reasoned, "it's okay—for him."



19th Bomb Group

Gypsy 93rd

BY CPL. IRVING J. PACKER

There is never a dull moment in this squadron. Yours truly received a letter from one of the girls who attended our pin-up dance and wrote the following, "Dear Cpl. Packer—Ever since I attended your squadron's pin-up boy dance and have had the good fortune of receiving the pin-up pose of Sgt. Heinitsh, I have had extreme difficulty in falling asleep. Just can't get him off my mind, and besides one of my wisdom teeth has been giving me a lot of trouble. Wouldn't you enlighten me, please, by writing in your next column a biography of my dream boy's life? I am looking forward with great anxiety to the next issue of The Rattler."

This letter was signed Anonymous. Somewhere I have seen the signature before but just can't recall where. However, since Heinitsh is more familiar with his life than I, it is my opinion that it would be best for him to give his life story. Well, Anonymous, you've asked for it so here it is.

"I was born at a tender age near my mother. At the time of my birth there were many rumors that the stork was wanted by the FBI on a narcotic charge. It was said that when the stork brought me it peddled dope. I have had little or no recollection of the events in my life that took place prior to my second birthday. I was told, however, that I was unemployed and just a kiddie car loafer.

"At the ripe old age of fifteen my father thought that it was high time that I go to school. I had no difficulty in passing the entrance examinations for elementary school since none were given. So to school I went, and I passed my kindergarten classes and the first two grades with fairly high honors.

"However, I hit a snag in my third grade. I finally caught up with my father, but the teacher thought that it would result in a family feud if I passed my Pop in classroom work. I remained in this grade for many years. Miss Ida Mae Belch was my tutor and I owe whatever success I have had to her constant repetition. Miss Belch used to say, 'If you keep repeating and repeating the same thing every day, the conglomeration of heterogeneous gases in your system travels upward and gives you a light clear head.' Of course, I didn't know the meaning of her words, but coming from Miss Belch it sounded good. After many years with Miss Belch, people began to talk and I was

upped a grade. My education was interrupted when the school burned down.

"I have held many jobs since I left school, and I must admit that they are too numerous to mention. However, if you contact S/Sgt. James Morran, or PFC Umberto Cassinelli, or anybody who ever cared to listen to me, you can probably get all the prevaricated details of my experiences from them. Prior to my induction into the Army I worked as demonstrator for the Firmer Teeth Tooth Powder Company. My toothless mouth is an example of their fine product.

"I was extremely honored when I was one of the very few who received a letter from President Roosevelt which started with the word, Greetings. While I heartily agreed with the President's post-war plans of the four freedoms, it is my humble opinion that the President should include one more—freedom from teeth. In that way the ills and pains of the world will be considerably reduced.

"While it is true that I have no teeth in my mouth, I console myself with the thought that since I was born without my teeth I will die without them. So you see, Anonymous, I wasn't cheated at all.

"This is the story of my life. Isn't it gruesome?"

GOOD NEWS — If any of you single men are worried about the possible shortage of girls after this war, your worries are over. T/Sgts. Walter C. Houston and Howard T. Harper are doing their share to alleviate this feeling. They are now the proud pops of



Supply

BY LOW SCORE FOUR

Greetings yard birds and our fine feather merchant . . . we're going to let go with both barrels this week as the censor has gone on a honeymoon . . . WHOoooooo You know what happens on honeymoons . . . Our Supply Officer finally said Yes, and is now an old married man . . . The lucky (?) girl, was Barney Johnson, who used to be a supervisor in our office . . . Just think, just like you read about, she married her boss; evidently she liked working for him . . . On top of the marriage business our SDSO also is to be congratulated upon his promotion to Captain. Captain, My Captain . . . Nuf said . . . change the subject . . .

We have had the pleasure of having our new captain's sister here, who came all the way from Fort Wayne, Indiana, to be here for the wedding. She sure is a cute kid, and has made quite a hit with everyone, including the men on the Base. Be careful, Phyllis, you might snag yourself a husband . . . How about all those visits to the hospital? Anyway we hope you have had a RIP-roaring good time . . . Isn't it a shame that Wolf Tabor had to be in the hospital and miss out on all of this?

Flossie's latest advice to the lovelorn is that a man in the hand is worth two across.

Everyone is wondering why Jane Blackburn put in a special requisition for a pair of suspenders . . . Come on, Janie, enlighten us on the subject.

And was Colburn dressed up Friday — he said it was his little brother's sweater, and we'll bet they were his big brother's pants! Incidentally, we though zoot suits were out for the duration.

Nina, Dot and Dewees seem to be doing all right. Who were those new men you had in tow the other night? Tell us where you find them all.

LaVern says she is going to hibernate for the duration, or until she can be with Bob again . . . from where we sit, that looks serious.

Five minutes to make the deadline . . . and if we are not fired we will be with you again next week, same place, same time . . .

Oklahoma City (CNS) — Mrs. Cecilia Fields told police someone stole her shoes from her feet while she was dozing in a night club.

G. I. Q.

By Camp Newspaper Service

1. A "border" State between the North and South in the United States which usually votes the Democratic line and which went Republican, electing its first GOP governor in 12 years in the 1943 contest, is —

A—Kentucky () B—Maryland ()

2. After the recent Moscow conference at which Russia, China, the United States and Great Britain agreed not to make a separate peace with any of their common enemies, Cordell Hull and Anthony Eden, representing the U.S. and Britain respectively, met officials of Turkey for further talks in —

A—Istanbul () B—Cairo ()

3. A Jap-held island in the Pacific which was attacked Oct. 5 and 6 and reduced to uselessness by the largest aircraft carrier force in history was —

A—Guam () B—Wake ()

Answers: 1-A; 2-B; 3-B. (CNS)

baby girls. The latest hospital report is that babies and fathers are doing fairly well.

Pvt. Charles R. Ross, our little man of the Day Room, has a burning desire to get his hands on the Nipponese monkeys. Says Ross, "If I ever get my hands on these Nips, I'll tear them limb from limb." That's the spirit, Ross — if ever your desire becomes a reality, it ought to be nip n' tuck.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

BY T|SGT. LAWRENCE SHIPP

Onions! Who would even conceive of the many purposes that they can be put to; some eat them, others don't, but at the Medics' big "stag" party last Wednesday night apparently someone thought they were mistle-toe. Strange as it may seem, it worked! The latest recordings, plenty of beverages and a fine display of Dutch Lunch made the evening an outstanding one. All was well until about 2200 when the party was crashed. "They" were late, however, but still the pre-meditated plot proved to be an excellent asset to the then hilarious crowd. Dancing (even with "Sugar") then proved the center of attraction for the remainder of the evening. Chalk another one up — complete success.

Is it more practice or more vigorous calisthenics that the 8th ATU needs at this time? Anyway, the final score of the touch football game was 14 to 10, and the Medics were not the losers. Both teams looked sharp, and the fine spirit and enthusiasm shown was indeed very commendable. How about a few more of those spirited games?

Another "Blue Ribbon" fell to the Medics the other night when the WACs were outscored at the Quiz Contest held at the Service Club. Best joke of the evening: "What are the 3 Great B's of Music?" Cpl. "Bobbie" Zentz: "Let's see — Barrelhouse — er, Boogie Woogie—and burlesque!" Anyway, the WACs lost! At the next contest the Medics will match wits with the weather squadron.

He's not very large, but a mighty fine example of the manly art of self-defense is our own Tony Sarni from Los Angeles. If noise and cheering would have had anything to do concerning the decision it would have been Tony's bout. Remember the sky-rocketing cheers that went up when Tony, our lone pugilist, M|Sgt. Villa, the time-keeper, and 1st Lt. Kraushaar, physician, were introduced? No one can ever say that the "Pill-Rollers" don't hang together. It has been unanimously decided that Cpl. McTigue, Des Moines Flash, and Dwyer, "The Cowboy Kid" from Syracuse, were the noisiest 2 individuals at the fights. Anyone disagree?

Again the Great Texas Desert was penetrated by the hikers last Tuesday night. Perhaps the highlight of the evening was the hot coffee and buns served upon return from said tramp: PFC Mercer didn't bother about a cup but

MALE CALL

BY MILTON CANIFF

BASIC FIELD MANUAL (UNOFFICIAL)
JUNGLE WARFARE
(HOME FRONT VARIETY)

ACCLIMATION:
IN JUNGLE WARFARE THE ENEMIES ARE MAN AND NATURE. WHEN YOU FIND YOURSELF ALONE, TAKE IT EASY — DON'T BECOME PANICKY...



SNAKES:
THE DANGEROUS ONES ARE SOMETIMES HARD TO IDENTIFY AT FIRST (YOU CAN BE SURE WHEN THEY START TO COIL)

SIGNAL COMMUNICATION:

SEMAPHORE AND WIGWAGGING MAY BRING FRIENDLY TROOPS



FRIENDLY NATIVES:

BE CAREFUL — THEY MAY TURN YOU OVER TO THE ENEMY...

on Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

LIQUIDS:

BE SURE OF WHAT YOU DRINK — YOU MIGHT GET BOILED



MENTAL ATTITUDE:

IN THE ABSENCE OF YOUR C.O., USE YOUR IMAGINATION



VENOMOUS CREATURES

OF MANY VARIETIES MAY BE ENCOUNTERED... DO THE RIGHT THING AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...THIS BRAWL WON'T LAST FOREVER!

CLIP THIS AND SEND IT TO THAT CERTAIN PARTY. CIVILIANS DON'T HAVE ALL YOUR ADVANTAGES...

found his helmet served the purpose very well. 1st Lt. Otto was more intent on using a cup until — "Hey Bud, no cup for you, put it back." S|Sgt. Spini only too late realized that he was talking to the good Lt., who voluntarily went on the hike. Then the joke was on crimson-faced Louis!

By now T|Sgt. Schurr, Cpl. Scroggs, PFC. Fisk, PFC. Gabel and PFC Mellott must be a "lot of wagon wheel greasings from here." Sunday night that happy little crowd said farewell to the desert for a few days and is now enjoying the A-1 item of a soldiers' heart — a furlough.

"Becky" Whitefield has solved the mystery! Now she knows why Lt. Ripley (There's no Believe it or not to it) returned after a convalescent furlough with curly hair. It seems that this veteran Pyote officer, who hails from the Windy City, was visiting his uncle's farm in Wisconsin and a very unusual accident occurred. It wasn't a lantern that was overturned but a contraption that ran on a cable carrying a full "load." The contents of same covered victim from head to foot. What upsets do occur during war time! They tell us that this Wisconsin uncle is

still laughing. Yes, there's nothing like boosting civilian morale.

A number here at the hospital have heard from our good friend Sgt. Wexler, who is now in Bismarck, N. D. Sylvia's heart and soul is in her work, and she invites encouragement on the part of all soldiers for the recruiting of Air WACs. How about it, fellows?

What Cpl. is going around the hospital with his ear still buzzing from the after-effects of a hastily replaced receiver? Who said anything about the dispensary! When Tony Sarni makes a telephone call it doesn't make any difference if the husband is there; or he can go along if he wants to. Right, Tony? Is it true that every night at the same time Cpl. Koop takes a walk down to the information desk, mails a letter, and leaves a shiny red apple for that smiling personality, Violet Jacobs? The proof's in the apple, isn't it? And why should PFC Negoshin go to Pyote to buy bobbie pins; or has someone again been misinformed? Interesting characters — aren't they?

Philadelphia (CNS)—Grace Edwards spent \$10 on telephone calls to locate a box of bobby pins she mislaid on a visit to New York,

Baptist Service Center In Pyote Opens This Week

The Baptist Service Center in Pyote—one block north of the T&P railway station — will be opened Wednesday November 24 at 6 p. m., Rev. Auburn Hayes announced.

A short opening ceremony with music by local soldiers, will begin at 8 p. m., and the Center will be open all Thanksgiving Day for visitors in general. After that the facilities will be for the armed forces only.

Sensing the need for such a center in Pyote, the Baptist pastor, an ex-serviceman, determined to build one—and did, practically with his own hands. Pyote soldiers' gratitude doubtless will be reflected in the attendance this week, and from here on.

Pyote WACs are decorating the center in the Thanksgiving theme. The Monahans Legion Post will send a uniformed delegation for the opening program.

Crowd Of 1,000 Cheers 7 Fights, One Kayo; Other Decisions Close

More Bouts Scheduled December 2; Max And Buddy Baer Coming Soon

A thousand tonsil-tuned Pyote soldiers raised the Rec. Hall roof Thursday night as seven fast, hard 3-round bouts — including one clean kayo — totaled an exciting card in the first of the series of boxing nights sponsored by Special Service.

Base Headquarters Squadron's 135-pound PFC Daniel DePippa scored the kayo in the final seconds of the third round of the second bout. Taking the count was Pvt. Kenneth Maynard, 132-pound lightweight also of the 410th.

Heavyweights Max and Bud-die Baer, touring Second Air Force installations, tentatively are scheduled for an exhibition bout at this Base near the first week in January. Details will be announced in a later issue.

Hitting hard with both hands in a slugging match, DePippa set a fast pace in the first; both slowed up in the second, but the New Jersey lad came out refreshed to punch Maynard groggy the first part of the third. A hard right floored Maynard, who struggled to get up during the long count, but couldn't quite make it.

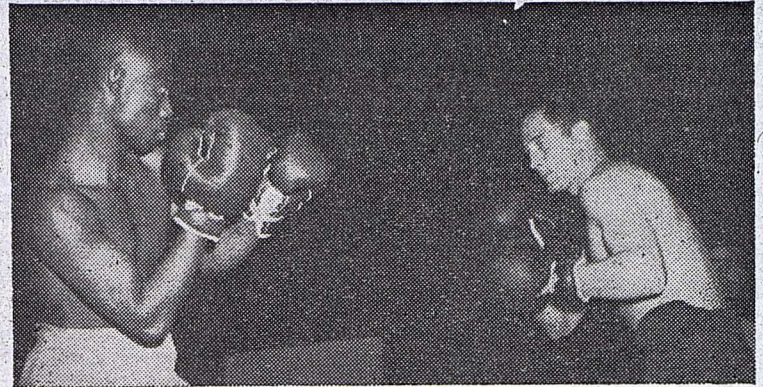
Not all the other decisions were so easy; Judges Lt. Frank Orfanello and WO Thomas Kleppe and Referee Sgt. Shipley Farroh weathered healthy boos

on some of them—evidence enough that the fight fans loved it. Referee Farroh ran the matches clean and fast, kept the boys mixing it up. Slam-bang success of the first fights assured even better future events in the Rec. Hall ring.

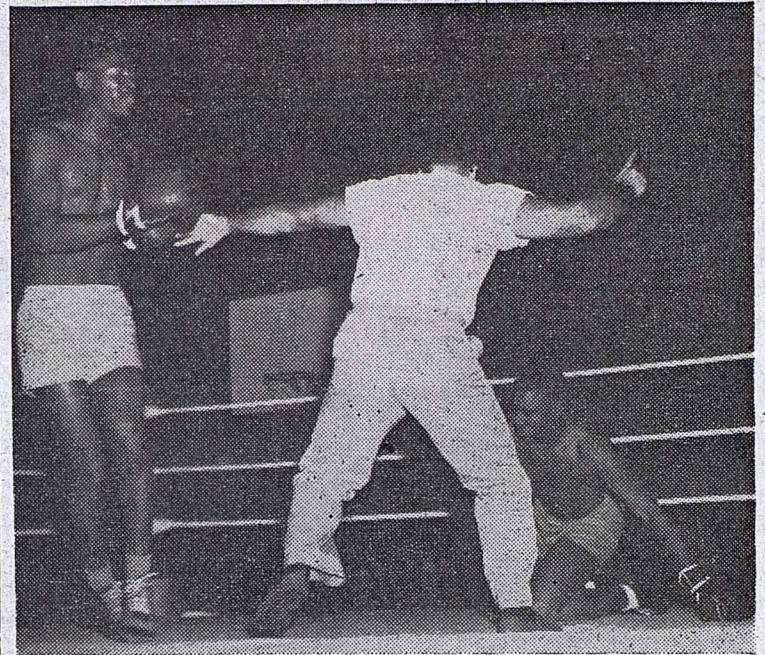
Climaxing Thursday's leather fest was a draw exhibition bout between former Texas pro light-heavy champ, S-Sgt. Eddie Ownby, 28th, and Lt. Edward Eagan, 93rd. Ownby at 185 spotted Eagan 10 pounds and did most of the punching, but he couldn't seem to hurt the big, hard officer, who absorbed blow after blow, coming back with a grin.

Another top bout matched the 390th's 160-pound, slow-starting but hard-hitting PFC Thomas Sophus, who lost a close—but very close—decision to the 435th's 159-pound T-Sgt. Clifford T. Weiss, in the sixth tilt. Weiss took the offensive, cool and smart, taking the
(Continued Next Page)

Well-Matched, They Mixed It



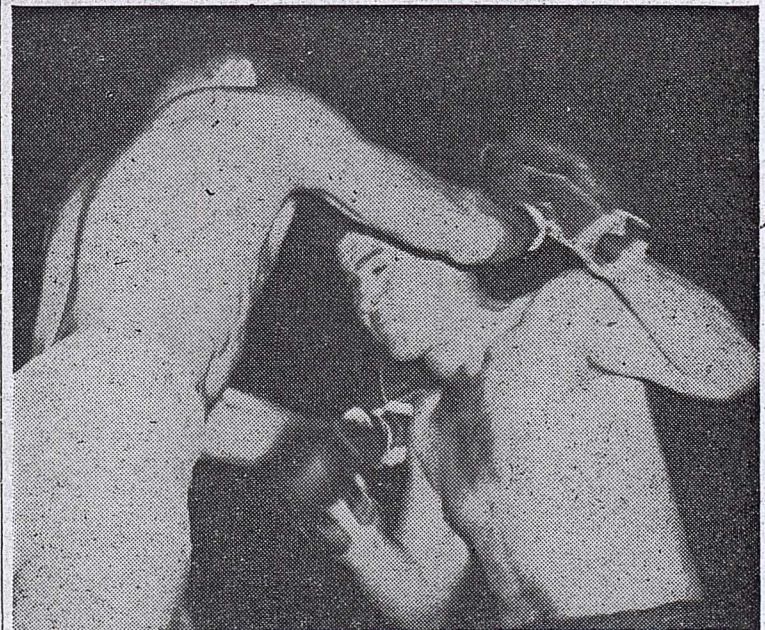
PFC SOPHUS, 390TH —VS—T-SGT. WEISS, 435TH



PVT. BAKER, 390TH—VS.—PVT. SMITH, 390TH



S-SGT. DODSON, 410TH—VS—PVT. SARNI, MEDICS



LT. EAGAN, 93RD—VS—S-SGT. OWNBY 28TH

—Photos by Sgt. Joseph J. McGrath

More About Bouts—

(Continued From Page 12)
 first round—but with a bloody nose. Sophus spent some time backed against the ropes in a slower second round, but came back with looping rights to draw the crowds cheers in the third. Weiss took out time for an eye check. Sophus was gaining points when the final round ended.

The fight session opened with a swing and march concert by WO Irvin E. Zimmerman's Rattlesnake Bomber Base Band, highly approved by the otherwise impatient crowd. The first fight pitted two 390th lightweights, 134-pound Pvt. Jethro Adams and 135-pound Pvt. Isiah Robinson, the latter 1939 Detroit Golden Gloves Champ in the flyweight class.

Adams took the offensive in the first, with Robinson exhibiting clever footwork and neat defense. In the second Robinson started easy but took over the bout midway, outclassing his opponent through the third to win the match.

After the DePippa kayo, two more 390th boys mixed it up, with 147-pound PFC Tommy Free taking 144-pound Pvt. George Brown in a close decision. Both boys were good, tricky boxers, but Free had the weight and reach.

Another close decision went to 130-pound S-Sgt. Luther H. Dodson, 410th, in the fourth clash, despite the rousing support for 130-pound Pvt. Tony Sarni from his Medics buddies. The heavy-slugging affair found Dodson carrying the fight to the Medics most of the time, though Sarni got in some hard blows in the last of the second and the first of the third.

The fifth was a blood-warming fracas, with 161-pound Pvt. Ernest R. Baker knocking 171-pound Pvt. Richard Smith down for two 9-counts in the first, after a slow start, and for a short count in the second. Smith came back strong, however, for a slugging duel that ended in one of the night's best bouts. The event was called a draw, despite Smith's smelling of the canvass.

Sgt. Eddie Lockamy, physical training instructor, sweated out most of the arrangements for the swell session of fisticuffs, and wins a GI bucket of thanks. Lt. Otto Krausharr was medical advisor, and M-Sgt. George Villa, time keeper. Pvt. George W. Brown coached the 390th fighters, and sends word that he is keying up his boys for coming shows.

The next fight night at the Rec. Hall has been set for Thursday, December 2, and with the precedent set last week, you'd better get your tickets early. Both fans and fighters are hot for bigger and better cards.

A A B SPORTS

Warmin' The Bench—

Frankie Frisch, Old Fordham Flash, Is Baseball 'Barber'—Bench Jockey

BY SGT. FRANK DE BLOIS
 CNS Sports Correspondent

Frankie Frisch never shaved a man in his life and he doesn't know an olive oil massage from a Lucky Tiger rubdown, but he's a barber just the same. In baseball parlay, a barber is a bench jockey, a talk-talk boy, a guy who's forever getting a grip on someone's cork—usually an umpire's.

The old Fordham Flash is one of the better umpire baiters in the game. He's not quite as loud as Leo Durocher nor as apoplectic as Jimmy Dykes, but he's pretty good at the game and he's kind of funny, too.

Arthur Daley, in the New York Times, tells one about how Frisch once innocently walked up to an umpire in St. Louis and asked him if he had a cigar in his pocket.

"Why should I have a cigar?" said the umpire who had just made a sad decision and was expecting something a little more warming from Frisch.

"I just thought you might," the Flash explained. "Because you certainly looked like a cigar store Indian on that play."

"Army physical training can be a lot of fun" says S-Sgt. Murray Heilweil, a PT instructor stationed at the AAF Basic Training Center at Greensboro, N. C. All you have to do, according to Heilweil is kid the boys along a little.

Cpl. Joe Quinn who covers sports for the BTC-10 Shun, post paper at Greensboro, reports that Heilweil is more fun than a blind date with Jane Russell. "He manages to keep up the interest in calisthenics," observes Joe, "by kidding the men throughout the session, without letting up on the workout." Sounds like a barrel of laughs.

Once in a while the customers write. A recent correspondent is G. F. Kane, a guard at the AAF Intransit Depot, Natick, Mass., who wrote complaining of this department's neglect of one of his idols. Correspondent Kane is disappointed because the name of Eddie Mahan wasn't included in this column's list of all-time football greats.

Mahan, fullback on three of

Looking 'Em Over

BY SGT EDDIE LOCKAMY

Hello, sports fans. We hope the boxing program presented last Thursday night was what you like in the way of cauliflower row. We are sorry seating place was not available to everyone, but we will do better next time.

We would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for the fine cooperation received which enabled the men in the physical training department to put the show over. Thanks go to the following officials: Lt. Frank Orfanello, (W. O.), Mr. Thomas Kleppe, Lt. Otto Kraushaar, M/Sgt. George Villa and Sgt. Shipley Farroh. The officials did a swell job and I might add, we were fortunate to have them on deck.

Thanks to Lt. Emmett Lane, post engineering officer and his staff of carpenters and electricians, who did a splendid job of assembling the ring and lighting equipment. Last, but not least, thanks to Lts. Arthur Slamal and

the late, great Percy Haughton's powerhouse Harvard elevens, was named to Walter Camp's All-American team three years in a row. Correspondent Kane says he was the all-around superior to Charley Brickley, or any other back who ever wore the crimson. "He could kick, run, and throw," says Kane, "and he was a wildcat at par-chesl."

PFC John Taylor Brickley, son of Charley Brickley, famed Harvard drop kicker, is attached to an MP company at a South Pacific base.

Know The Game

By CPL. HYMAN BROOK
 Sports Editor

HARD WAY POINTS AND FIELD BETTING

Those of you who like to bet what is called "Hard Way Points", such as 4, 10, 6, or 8, should know the odds. The shooter tries to make those points with both dice reading the same such as two 3's or two 4's etc. The odds on hard way points are:

6 or 8 _____ 10 for 1
 10 or 4 _____ 8 for 1

We also have what is known as "Field Betting", which means that if you do bet the field the shooter must throw out some of the following numbers on the very first roll or you lose. Field numbers are 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Looking at all these numbers you would think it a cinch to come out on top, but it isn't as easy as all that.

In betting the field, it is even money that the shooter will not throw the listed combines in his first roll. Also on this type of betting a gambling house sets a maximum usually of \$5.00, on any field betting. This is to protect themselves against double-up betters. Also the house has a maximum betting limit on any game in the house; this is also for the purpose of such protection. It isn't that they can't afford to take your bet, but a house doesn't gamble. That is what you are there for.

Now we come to what is known as combination betting. This sort of betting is more or less insurance, or long shot odds for those who play hunches.

Below is a list of the odds on combination bets.

Craps or Eleven _____ 5 for 1
 Straight Craps _____ 8 for 1
 Eleven _____ 16 for 1
 Two Aces _____ 31 for 1
 Two Six's _____ 31 for 1
 Seven _____ 5 for 1

Charles Yeager, who served as advisors. The latter Lt., who had been at the Rattlesnake Bomber Base from the day of activation, is now at Walker Field, Kansas, and our best wishes go with him.

The next gala boxing show will be presented Dec. 2, so remember the date.

Another big boxing attraction coming soon, will be an exhibition bout, between the two cubs, Max and Buddie Baer. They have been scheduled for a tour of all the camps in the Second Air Force, and they are expected to square off in the local ring around the first week in January. A definite date will be announced in The Rattler & Daily Bulletin for this big event.

The Civvies

CIVILIAN PERSONNEL OFFICE

Civilian Community Center is open, believe it or not, and its definite future success we will owe to its committee, composed of James T. Page, president; Robert Edmons, vice-president; Frances Wilson, secretary; Sadie Shuttleworth, treasurer; Mrs. Graydon Hicks, member; Paul Reid, member; Fire Chief Kinsel, member; Martin Brownlee, member; Milton A. Eckerman, member. The controlling committee will appoint sub-committees to represent all offices on the Base for social and recreational affairs. The main interest right now is the selling of shares to secure money for the installation of a bowling alley; folks, listen, it will pay for itself. Contact any member of the board, and they will be more than glad to take your money.

Men, all men, have your pockets full of nickles. Slot machines and coke machines have been installed, win, lose and drink. The girls will help you, too; just let them.

Cafeteria time — food time — dance time. All rolled up in one, breakfast, lunch and dinner. Sounds like big time, doesn't it? Girls, ask your favorite down, feed him fine food and take him in to dance. Some good records on the nickelodeon, what could be nicer? One thing to remember, be to work on time in the morning and at noon, the evening is your own.

Mrs. Frances A. Wilson is the social and recreational hostess, so contact her for anything that you would like to know or do. She is a grand person and will do her best to make your days complete; after work comes pleasure you know.

The Civilian Personnel Commissary is open. And they have, among oodles of things, chocolate candy in boxes.

The girls are going pool crazy. By the looks of things Evalyn and Olivia must have spent quite a bit of time in pool halls.

Information bureau deluxe — Cpl. Skrip, ask and ye shall receive

Wedding bells are ringing for a certain young miss. Edna Earl, we are really going to miss you and because you are to be Mrs. and lady of leisure, don't forget us. We think that Jean is doing all right.

Marjorie Gershenson is leaving us soon. To stay at home and take better care of Lt. Gershenson.

Shame, shame Lt. Jacobs, you slighted some of your own girls at the dance. Is that very nice? Heard you were a grand dancer, too.

"Lill" Stewart went all the way to "cow town" last week for her rest. Did Ft. Worth look good?

WAC Flak

The Welcome Mat was out in the various homes and churches of our Odessa neighbors last Sunday, and eight of our girls really enjoyed themselves. S/Sgt. Ogden, Sgts. Birnbaum and Frye, Cpls. Poole, French, Zentz, and Riden and PFC Carter were the lucky WACs. The following is a letter written by one of the Midland WACs and it expresses the same appreciation we all feel.

OPEN LETTER TO MRS ODESSA

Dear Mrs. Odessa:
It would be a pleasure to use your real name and mine, because I feel that, above all, this is a letter straight from me to you. But if I did make it just-between-us, there are about sixty-odd buddies of mine who would feel cheated.

Mrs. Odessa, the WACs of Midland Army Air Field were guests in your churches and homes last Sunday. You invited us, and the Army let us come in a body, because of our mutual need to know each other better. Well, we DO know each other better now — you ladies of the Odessa churches and we WACs of MAAF. Seeds of friendship have been sown that can only grow richly as our months of service pass. You know that. But there are other dividends of happiness which you paid us. We want to be sure that you will know about them, too.

You gave us a morning of worship with you, Mrs. Odessa, and with your older folks and

Welcome to our midst, these three: Pauline Butler, Betty Langley and Elizabeth Chambers. Hope that you enjoy Civilian Personnel.

"Hersch" has lost weight lately, her husband spent all of the meat stamps and she has had to eat chicken. Couldn't find anything to cook the chicken in, so . . .

Evalyn is impatiently waiting for the better half to hit these United States, any day now.

J. C. definitely doesn't like "Mexican liquor." Wonder why? What about you, John Carberry?

Why doesn't Varda bring her boy friend to Pyote instead of going all the way to Abilene? "We want to see too."

Sadie S. spent last week-end in ye old home town, Ft. Stockton. Hope you had fun.

By the way, ping-pong tables are under construction and will be in use at an early date. Bet the girls can beat the boys.

Yours truly doesn't get around much anymore, so any suggestions, gossip or news will be appreciated. Leave it with Mrs. Hersch, the receptionist.

Be seeing you all again next week.

Captain Takes A Bride



Capt. Miles J. Frisinger, Sub-Depot Supply Officer, and Miss Mae B. Johnson of San Angelo, Texas, were married in the flower bedecked Base Chapel Thursday evening by Chaplain Edwin W. Norton. Bridesmaid was Miss Imogene Presley, also of San Angelo, and Major Davis R. Visel, Sub-Depot Commanding Officer, was best man.

children. And then you opened your homes and took us right into your family circle.

You were a little anxious about taking care of us at first—remember? I knew how you felt, from the times I've entertained in my own home, when the fudge seemed determined never to harden. It turned out to be delicious—but what I liked best of all, Mrs. Odessa, was just the dear, familiar sound of somebody moving around in a little kitchen. It was a comfort to find, in your house, the homey little things one can't find in an army camp, even so fine a camp as MAAF. But I shall remember longest the cuddly pup and the little girl who showed me her pictures. Not the food or the furniture, but the life of your home.

Most of us are family women, Mrs. Odessa. We did not give up our homes for adventure: we did it to protect them as best we knew. And the willingness of our sacrifice has not blunted the hunger of our hearts. That was the hunger you satisfied last Sunday when you opened your family circle to us and gave us a friendship which, we know, will endure for many Sundays to come.

Sincerely yours,
Private WAC, MAAF

EXTRA EXTRA FLASH
FLASH — The Rattler has made the grade. Thirty minutes after Lt. Marjorie Stewart and Sgt. Sylvia Wexler received their copy of the November 10th issue, they made their debut on the air waves, and guess what — The Rattler went along with them. Parts of it were read as a means for recruiting. So do your best, you columnists. You see your work is not going unnoticed by the outer world.

We may have a second Horace Greeley in our midst.

VISITORS DAY: We cordially invite all civilian women to visit our WAC barracks on Sunday November 28th. We are having open house and would like you to see how we live, what we do and why we enjoy Army life so much. We are also having a Tea Dance in our Day Room that afternoon, so have your best beau meet you there. We are sure you will enjoy the afternoon and it will be a pleasure to entertain you.

Sgt. Vernis Montis had better hurry and get out of the hospital. Barracks No. 2 can't wait much longer for that square dance we are planning on having. If you don't hurry, Monty, we will be up there and perform right in your little old room.

Things we can't do without — First Sgt. Vincent's patience; Sgt. Eiselstein's pies and cakes, also those filled cookies she takes such pride in making; Sgt. Vraney's freckles, especially the cute one on the tip of her nose; Ruth Armstrong's giggle and everlasting good humor; Rose Daly's Irish wit, and last but not least the pronunciation of the following words by certain New Yorkers, bottle, gentle, rattler, chocolate and rattlesnake.

Bledsoe Saidso.

PANTS FLOP 'AT EASE'

CAMP GRUBER, OKLA. (CNS) — Pvt. Paul Hoebeck was trying on a new pair of pants which he had received from the Quartermaster in true "too large or too small" tradition. The pants were size 44 and Hoebeck is size 32. Just as he was hitching them up an officer entered the barracks and Hoebeck snapped to attention. The pants fell at ease around his ankles.

Parachute Patter

Today we change from light, gay, and carefree to heavy, sad, and downcast. The reason? Our so called beloved Simon Legree, Tex Harding leaves Saturday the 20th for his civilian furlough. But, we are glad to report now that our sadness will be short-lived. Reason? No more exams for at least one week—and then when he does come back, he may have mercy on us poor slaves.

Who do you think we have working with us now? None other than our own Capt. Sehested's mother-in-law, Mrs Alma Rozell—and a capable worker too. She and Mrs. Josephine Harris came from Savannah, Georgia with certificates proving their excellence and capability as parachute riggers.

Another newcomer joined our happy clan and she is Mrs. Frankie Hays, who is learning to become a parachute packer. All the girls extend their best wishes.

We wish to inform all of Louise Whiteley's admirers that she changed her residence from censored to censored. Be careful, boys. Her husband is a Pistol Packin' Papa.

God bless America and all parachute riggers. They are holding a Thanksgiving party at the new Civilian Personnel Cafeteria next Thursday. Yum, yum, God bless our fine feathered friend, the turkey, too.

This will be the last time the Parachute Patter will be so poorly written, now that Jane Cearly will return Monday to resume her old position as reporter and packer.

Poor, poor DeMello, no more is he number one man with the girls at this dept. Now it is Ruth's husband Leo who is Clark Gabbling the girls with candy imported from Brooklyn.

Sinigalli hasn't been feeling up to par these past few weeks. A reliable person informed us that he is in love, but he won't divulge that military secret. Come on Butch, we are known as good listeners, so let's hear it from you.

If you see Mr. Seeds, please notice or inquire about the new cap Mrs. Longino designed for him. It is made with bright red streamers. Hallowe'en is past but he doesn't think it's too late to pose as a turkey.

We are all wondering why Cassenelli hasn't been visiting the WACs kitchen any more. He used to be a frequent visitor, but he isn't any more. Who is the new heart throb?

All the employees in this department are afraid that Ruth may hand in her resignation now that her husband Leo has been promoted from private to PFC and gets \$4 more every month. Now

BOOK OF AIR FORCE SONGS PUBLISHED AT FT. WORTH

FT. WORTH, TEX. (CNS)—A song book entitled Air Corps Airs has been published here and will be offered for sale through Post Exchanges in the near future. Profits will be given to the Air Forces Aid Society. The book is a compilation of the best tunes which fliers have sung since the Wright brothers first took off.

QM Sees

BY CPL. HAROLD MELVIN

Here we go again. Hold on to something steady.

Overheard at the physical examination the other week:

Pete Kaminskas: "Do you think they'll ever send me overseas, doc?"

Examining doctor: "Not unless we're invaded!"

The detachment has a flying leather artist on its hands. Ken Maynard of the fighting Quartermaster, known in some circles as the QM killer, was also present in the lightweight bout with Daniel De Pippa. In spite of the decision, Ken, a lot of your barrack mates thought you looked pretty capable. This writer can see right now that some of the non-coms are going to choose their words after seeing some of the dent-makers you throw.

The sad story of the week comes from Mahaney and can be called "the ditty of the dying dog." Out on a coyote hunt one evening our hero, the dog-trainer, was hard on the heels of his quarry, a cagey coyote. But as luck would have it, Mahaney quit whereas the coyote and the dog didn't the reason being that the howl of the coyotes suggested bed to our interpreter of such things (and the coyote was getting sleepy too). But this left the dog holding the bag and the "bag" took quick advantage of the fact. Next day the score rested at one free frisky coyote to one handsome hero and one dog definitely frayed at the edges.

she feels she can retire with that large monthly sum. Hereafter please, please, address PFC Sterling as "Sir".

One never knows how much his friends think of him until after he is either dead or shanghaied to some distant shore. But as usual I am again lucky in finding out that at least some of the people I call friends really fill the definition of the word friendship. To them I am sincerely indebted for their efforts and tokens they have so freely given to prove beyond question that they are priceless in my eyes. I shall always endeavor to be worthy of their recognition. Thanks kids and keep pitchin'. Tex Harding.

Name It And It's Yours



First soldier to mail The Rattler (don't call) this lovely lassie's name will get an 8-by-10 inch pin-up photo, as soon as the staff can bear to part with it. State your organization address.

One pretty lass, head and holder of the key positions in the shipping ticket section and operator of an air-cooled typewriter, has been having a busy time lately. So busy in fact, particularly with Lt. Hendrix, Lt. Hanson, and Sgt. Adlin at San Antonio that there is no set reply to, "Has anybody here seen Casey—Casey with the light brown hair?". Howsoever "Myrtle" will agree that as an efficient hard-working employee, she is definitely entitled to get her share of ink-erasers and paper clips, the quicker the sooner, Requisition Clerk.

In keeping with our policy of getting there last with the oldest news, we announce last week's changes in our organizational set-up. With Capt. Meadows off to Ardmore, Lt. Kravitz steps into the key positions left by Lts. Hendrix and Frick. Lt. Hennessey takes over the place of Salvage Officer, formerly the job of Lt. Kravitz. This column would be successful if it could put into words the feeling of the detachment towards Lt. Frick, now at S-4, for that intangible something known as a "good C. O."

Odds and ends: Sgt. Liddle volunteers the information that he will supply any girl in Texas with a red ribbon from the accumul-

ated red tape of his three-year army career . . . PFCs Tolly and Lawhorn (How about this spelling?) are walking these days — oh, for the days of the jeep . . . Carl Taylor has left for Keesler Field after nearly a year with us. It's tough for the old-timers to see him go. . . . Suggest that some of the fellows who do their own thinking attend the informal gatherings at the Chapel Wednesday nights. Officers welcome, too.

U. S. FLIER GETS DFM FROM KING GEORGE

LONDON (CNS)—T[Sgt. George Ferrell of Belleville, N. J., became the first U. S. enlisted man to be decorated by the King of England when George VI pinned the Distinguished Flying Medal on his blouse the other day. Ferrell, who transferred recently from the Royal Canadian Air Force to the Army-Air Forces, won the award as a sergeant air gunner during an RCAF raid on Dortmund, Germany.

JUST CALL HIM SANTA

TORONTO (CNS) — An unidentified man entered a military hospital here and started passing out \$100 bills to the bed-ridden inmates. Before he left he gave away almost \$5,000.

Pacific Gains Offset Bad Week For Allies In Europe

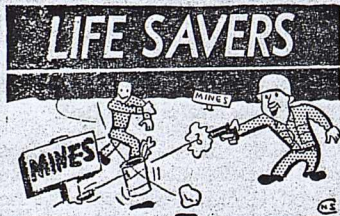
U. S. Forces Hit Gilberts, Menace Truk

By SGT. TOMME CALL
Rattler Editor

Promising offensive action against Japan's southeast island groups last week helped offset sharp Allied reversals in the European theater.

Admiral Nimitz's promise to allow the Japs no rest—to spread 'em and sock 'em—was made good by amphibious operations to take Makin and Tarawa atolls in the Gilbert group, for days under intense air attack—and later Apamama. The Marshalls, also under aerial bombardment, may be next. At any rate the move seemed pointed to encircle Japan's mighty Truk Island naval base. That strategy would join with Gen. MacArthur's efforts in New Guinea and the Bougainville battle, aimed at taking Rabaul. With more island air bases to protect the reinforced Allied naval units, the offensive against Japan's lower empire could get under way in earnest.

In Europe, the Germans revealed themselves still strong enough for severe counter-attacks, still capable of gravely prolonging the war should the Allies relax. The Red Army suffered its first major setback in four months of offensive operations, when the Nazis recaptured Zhitomir in one of three strong counter moves.



LIFE SAVERS
DON'T FIRE or throw things at objects in areas where mine warning signs have been posted. This may disturb mines and booby trap mechanisms so that they are harder to detect and neutralize.



BE CAREFUL of obvious trip wires. If the wire is cut without first being closely examined it may set off an explosion.



The Red Army's powerful continuing offensive begun at Stalingrad and pushed halfway to Berlin, took a step

back last week to recover from the blow of a German counter-attack in the Zhitomir sector west of Kiev. The

Nazis showed reserve strength of dangerous proportions, but the Reds appeared still masters of the situation.

By week's end, the Russians appeared to have the counter-attacks under control, moving forward once more. But the Germans had shown that as their Eastern Front lines grew shorter, their huge losses in material and men may be somewhat offset. German stamina in the next few weeks' fighting will be the key to predictions on that score.

German reserve strength also was revealed in the fierce and successful effort to smash the British feelers up the Aegean route to the Balkans. Adding Leros and Samos to Cos, recaptured, the Germans doubtless hoped the show would discourage Turkish tendencies toward joining the war. Already aiding the Allies in many ways, Turkey last week was reported considering coming in actively in the spring, desiring a voice at the peace table.

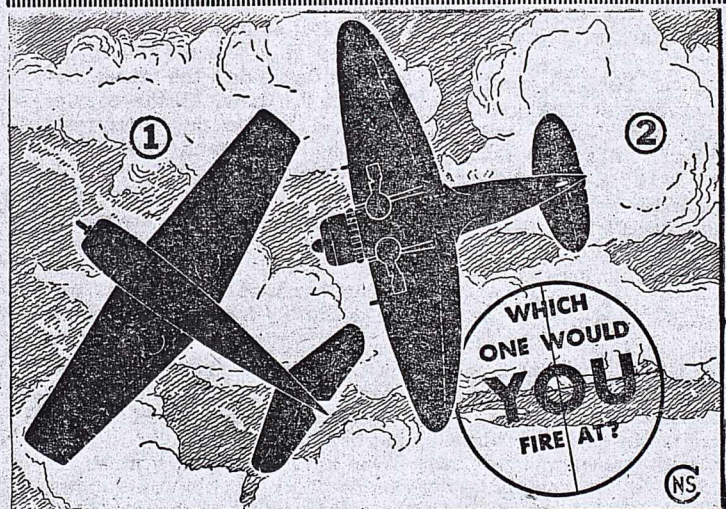
The Germans had little success in Rommel's renewed effort to subdue Yugoslav guerrillas, but were favored on the Italian front. Torrential rains nullified airpower there and held opposing forces to artillery duels, patrol actions and trench warfare reminiscent of World War I. By week's end the American Fifth and British Eighth again were inching forward, but the Germans had gained more time to entrench.

Both from the Mediterranean and British bases, Allied bomb-

ers intensified their sustained offensive—14 raids during the first 21 days of this month and a blast of 2-ton blockbusters on Mosquito-bitten Berlin. Chemical plants were main targets last week end. Report that American arms production scored the biggest gain in Oc-

tober since April, with aircraft production up 10 per cent, promised more of the same.

With reports of heavy but indecisive fighting continuing on China's central front, still no further indications came of an Allied campaign to retake Burma—though the season is right.



NOT AT NO. 1! It's the Grumman F6F-3 Hellcat, a low mid-wing, single-seat Navy fighter designed as a carrier or land based plane. It has a cigar shaped fuselage. Wings taper to square tips. The tailplane also is tapered and it has a single fin and rudder. Hold it!

FIRE AT NO. 2! It's the Japanese Sento Ki. 01, a low-wing, single-seat Navy fighter, powered by a radial engine. It has a rounded fuselage and elliptically shaped wings. The tailplane is also elliptical and has a single fin and rudder. Blast it from the sky.

Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co., Aircraft Spotter by Lester Ott.